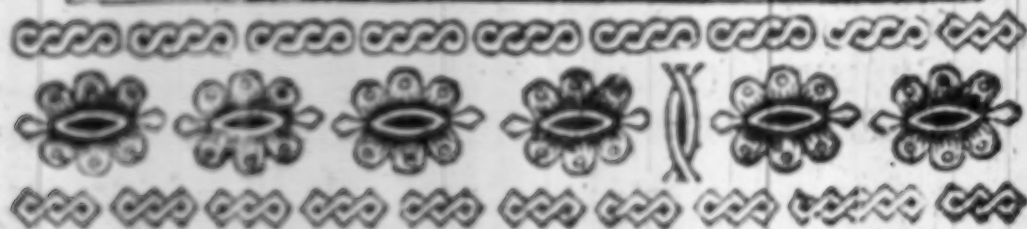
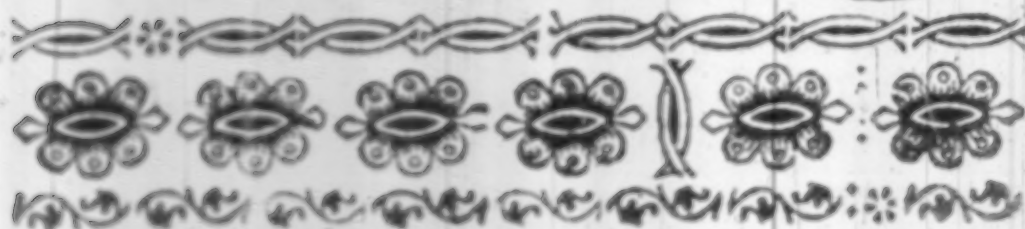


The castell of labour:



Here begynneth the prologue
of this present treatyse

VE mōrtall people that desyre to obtayne
Eternall blyss by your labour dyligent
With mōrtall ryches subdue you to payne
To rede this treatyse to the ryght entent
Whiche shall shewe you playne and euident
That ydelnes moder of all aduersyte
Her subiectes byngeth to extreme pouerte

Ther ryche by ydelnes to pouerte are brought
By it the oratour leseth his science
The grette clerke by it is set at nought
Thus is it ennemye vnto sapyence
Wherfore let vs do our dylgence
This lewde capytayne fro vs to cryle
Whiche nought entendeth but man to begyle

Ydell people euer troubled are with thought
With indygence mysauenture and necessitye
And in the snare whan they are caught
They are enuyroned with pouerte
Than cometh dysconfort in thery aduersyte
And also dyspayre them doth manace
And thought and trouble euer doth them chace

Therfore ye people that be subiect to this vyce
By your grette sleuthe and neglygence
Bryke your bondes. I aduise you to aryse
And to these wordes gyue your aduertence
Whiche the wyse man sayth in bryef sentence
Who labouryth not to get his lyuynge

Is not worthy here to haue abydyng

¶ Thus whan this vyce a man dothe assaile
Of sleuthfulnes and of ocposyte
By theyr meanes dothe ryches faile
What foloweth than but pouerte
Thus tourneth his welth vnto aduersyte
Tho of his folyc dothe he repent
Than echone to hym doth iniurte
Whiche oft to vs appereth euident

¶ Therfore to vs it is ryght profyttable
For to take reason for to be our gyde
With vnderstandyng / whiche are agreable
Us for to gouerne in euery tyde
Wherby we may / yf sleuthe be set asyde
Ouercome pouerte & obteyne rychesse
And dystroy thought my fortune & dystresse

¶ But mannes mynde is full vnstedfast
More prone to vyce than to goodlyncesse
And whan by vyce man thus is ouercast
Than cometh dysceyte / vsurpe and falsnesse
Counseyllynge man all to vnthryftynesse
Thus yf that reason be not our frende and gyde
Trouthe shall decay by falshode and pryde


But who wolde lyue in meane moderate
And by way of diligence rychesse purchase
Good wyll must he haue to be his aduocate
With a good hert / for therein is solace
Intencion to good must we purchase
And than may we lyue betwene hye and lowe

By suche meane that our frendes may vs knowe

In this lyfe can none haue skatnesse
Whyle that reason his protectour
Yf he in labourynge take payne and besynesse
Auoydynge slouth that blynde gouerneur
Whiche man assaileth euery day and houre
Wherby are many brought to dystresse
But dyligence byngeth man to rychesse

By whiche rychesse man cometh to noblenesse
Whiche to vertue is as chyeft nouryse
Therfore leue we sleuth drawynge to besynesse
Enelynyng to vertue and leuyng couetyse
Thus is it good to eche that is wyse
Remembryng how soone he shall haue an ende
In trouth and vertue his short tyme to spende

Thus in conclusyon who redeth this treatyse
To the rude language gyue noue aduertence
It is but wyten the tyme to exercyse
Without studye / payne / or dyligence
With stile inornate / boyde of eloquence
Expressyng the wayes of dyligence & ydelnesse
The one of pouerte the other of rychesse
Thus endeth the prologue and be
gynneth the castell of labour.

 A musyng an eienyng with me was none
An olde prouerbe came in my subuenaunce
A naturall foole in a house alone
N yll make for hymself shyft or charysaunce
Than came in to my remembraunce



A cyscunſpect of many dygnytes
 fro whiche a man haupnge ſuffylauce
 Withdroweth his herte as fro vanytees

It is ay ſene that youtheſ luſtynelle
 For to ſubdue is harde and daungerous
 Some lyue in ioye / pleaſure and gladneſſe
 Fortune to ſome is ryght contraryous
 Some dei he taceheth in theyr caſte prosperous
 Whome he ouerthroweth with his mortall blaſt
 Thus goeth the worlde none is ſo eurous
 But eyther muſt he dye fyrſt or laſt

A yonge herte is vnſtable and volage
 And knoweth not in what eſtate to byde
 Somtyme dyſpoſed vnto maryage
 Somtyme to ſerue god the worlde ſet aſyde
 Thus as my mynde varyenge dyd glyde

Caſt. of la.

A. iij.

I thought it most for myn auayntage
 Desyrynge god for to be my gyde
 Fermely I concluded vpon marpage

Thus haupnge all my frendes at assent
 In short processe I putuayed me a wyfe
 Without wysedom / yet was I content
 To her to kepe the dayes of my lyfe
 I thought no thyng on wynnynge losse or stryfe
 She vnto me lyghtly dyd consent
 Than in an euenynge sad and pensyfe
 By her lyenge symple of myn entent



Sodanly I was in grete daunger
 For to me fyersly dyd appere
 An odpyous man / an unknowen strauncker
 With thre women cruell of manere
 This company to me approached nere

Whan that I them togyder satte assemble
So cruell was theyr countenaunce and chere
That fere constrayned my body for to tremble

The man was misshapen/pale/and rusty
Rude/foule/and ryght abhomyable
The women also as I coude spyre
Of shape were foule and detestable
Theyr chere was yll and myscreable
With countenaunce replenished with ire
Lene as ony wolf rauysable
Theyr euen brennyng as red as fyre

The man approached fyers as he wolde fyght
With starvyng open & sayde his name was nede
His wyfe sayde necessity she hyght
The seconde pouerte/and the thyrde in dede
Her named dystresse so thought I by her wede
Than I desyred to knowe theyr lynage
Pouerte was theyr moder full of drede
This tolde they me in byref language

Touchyng theyr fader they coude not denye
But that he dwelt in the depest pyt of hell
Whan I that harde ryght soze afterde was I
Than nede approached with countenaunce cruell
My body strepyng so that it dyd swell
Necessyte me so soze dyd handle
So that lothly it semed ryght well
Or that she went she wolde me strangle

Than sodaynly came pouerte
Whiche me tumented with rudenesse

Than with grete crudelyte
 Upon my beyl lepte dystresse
 They all abounded in cruelnesse
 On me smytynge with all theyr myght
 Dylgorgynge fyre in theyr fyerlynelle
 Upon me as a torche lyght

Some at me forned / some smote downe ryght
 That strokes loude byd redounde
 For all my payne / durynge that nyght
 My wyfe euer slept styll and sounde
 She in her pleasure byd habounde
 And wolde not wake for my dysleafe
 For yf I were brought to the grounde
 I trowe she cared not a peafe



As she thus slept and I in payne
 With these foure surges byd endure

To me approche I sawe certayne
 A foule and counterfayted creature
 Odyous proude & fyers I you ensure
 And by the hande she toke me fast
 She thought her purpose to procure
 And dreyne myn armes that they nere brast

This fals witche me so dyd greue
 Whiche by her name was called thought
 That bytch coude I me remeue
 Thus vnto dethe she me nere brought
 Of wordes and tales she wanted nought
 Euer she talked I wote not what
 And behynde her a balayne cought
 That was as blereyed as a cat



Beynge in this perturbacion
 This chorde on me gaped full wyde

I fered soze his entencion
Whan that I sawe hym by my syde
He loked as he had ben fye
Of shape and colour was he full byle
Than he began with me to chide
In his langage whiche was subtile

Upon my bely he set his knees
And layd his name was heuyntesse
With scarled boordred were his eyes
Balde and full of vnlustynesse
He semed fader of all vntyffynesse
Fagged and garded full vngay
With a face fylled with falsnesse
Berded lyke to a kyttyng of may

Hym to beholde I was dysmayed
Howe he of thynges past dyd clatter
Wany take to me he sayde
He had well lerned so; to patter
Of thynges to come fast dyd he chatter
Byddynge me call them to remembraunce
He lyst no thyng with me to flatter
But put me to extreme bettraunce

He bad I sholde remember my dettyes
And brought me forth the my countynge boke
He shewed me there of my receptes
And me compelled thereon to loke
By fere constrained my body quoke
That powet was past me so; to speke
That rybaude fered me with his loke
That confort to me coude I none take

At his tourment what holde I say
I neuer was in suche encumbrance
He bode styl and went not away
And dyd me moche more greuaunce
Than all the other by theyr nopsaunce
And to urned me fro syde to syde
To slepe he left me no sustraunce
But fyrelly styl at me dyd chide

This fals captyf by his cruelnesse
Troubled me that my wytte was gone
He put me in so grete dystresse
That my herte was colde as ony stone
I knewe not to whome me for to mone
So was I enuyroned rounde about
They me tourmented so echone
That of my lyfe I had grete dout

Than rounde about me dyd I loke
Fyrst of all sawe I pouerte
And fals nede by the berde me choke
There were dystresse and necessyte
Thought was in theyr companye
And heynnes dyd clater fast
All these syr so layde at me
That fro my bed they me nere cast

Than as I dyd my hede remeue
About me lokynge for confort
I sawe one come whiche dyd me greue
More than all the other sorte
He layde his name was dysconfort
Of colour was he pale and wan

It nought auayled hym to exhort
 I sawe neuer suche an other man



By the hande fast he me toke
 And with grete myght dyd me constrayne
 Full sore me by the berde he shoke
 This these renewed all my payne
 His encumbraunce wasted my brayne
 That often I wylshed that I were dede
 He wolde hymselfe no thyng refrayne
 But kept me styll fast by the hede

Dysconforte kept me a longe space
 He bad me in conclusyon
 To sue to hym after his grace
 Saynge that the tyme and space
 Ones lost coude not recouered be

With suche termes dyd he me manase
Than in conclusyon thus sayd he

A pooze man how shalt thou pay
All thy dettes that are behynde
Brede and drynke must thou puruay
And a house to kepe the fro the wynde
Bothe men and maydens must thou fynde
With eury thyng that longeth them to
Doth not fortune strongly the bynde
Now let se how thou canst do

Whan I this herde I was nere mad
And often fortune curied I
The speepall cause why I was sad
Was for my purse was clene empty
Than was it nede I dyd espye
My golde to pledge vnto one
I sawe there was no remedy
Though that I had but that alone

O blyssed iesu what may this be
Wryed was I in an euyl chaunce
No lyue in suche pouerte
As I this sayd the same instaunce
Came to me Despayre in cruell ordynaunce
One of the worst of all the sort
She was chyef capytayne of theyr daunce
And brought vnto Dysconfort
This Dyspayre dyd me so assayle
That lost was my dyscrecyon
My face began to wax pale
By fere of her cruell vexacyon



So cruell was her perturbacyon
 Whiche on me she dyd extende
 That I thought in conclusyon
 Of my selfe to make an ende

¶ I was redy to renne here and there
 To clymbe vp hye and than to fall
 By my lyfe set I not an here
 By meanes of this furey infernall
 I thought / who nedes to his deth shall
 It is but folye it to prolonge
 This is a worde sayde ouerall
 He that is drowned may no man longe

And therfore thought I for to do
 The worst that eyther I coude or myght
 To sle my fader and moder also

Yf I had founde the m in my syght
Than vnto my mynde came full ryght
That I sholde dye no more but ones
Wherfore dyspayre that wretched wyght
Bad me go therto at ones

I sawe well that without labour
I neuer sholde obteyne rychesse
Fortune therof is gouernour
To some she gyueth with largesse
But I haue neyther more nor lesse
So that I wery am of my lyfe
Iuoyde of ioye full of dystresse
Lo what it is to take a wyfe

I se dysconfort doth me greue
De payre encreaseth my langour
That fote ne hande can I remeue
Suche is my payne and my dolour
Neyther thought I on worshyp ne honour
On knyght squyer baron ne lord
My mynde was on thyng that houre
But to hange my selfe with a corde

Oz elles to lepe in to some ryuer
And there with payne my selfe to drowne
I cared not in what maner
I dyed so that my lyfe were done
Despayre made me her champyon
And had me so take in her snare
That sodeynlyas I fell in suowne
She me nere strangled o: I was ware



A S I was in this perturbacion
 I sawe a lady pleasaunt and bryght
 For to beholde her meke fallow
 Sothly it was a pleasaunt syght
 Her caperon with perle was pyght
 With precyous stones about enlumynynge
 Her beautefull face shone as bryght
 As phebus doth in a may moornyng

This lady standynge me befoze
 In her behauour was meke and lyberall
 Good and gracypous to ryche and poore
 She semed to me the quene celestyal
 A quene excellent I may her call
 For she was doughter worthy to say
 Unto that meke lord and immortall
 The whiche was bozne on Crysmas day

Soe I desyred to knowe her name
By cause she was suche of excellence
She sayde reason whome none doth blame
Than was I ryght glad of her presence
This noble lady by her dyspence
Approched nere vnto my syde
Despayre anone gate her thens
And dysconfort with her byd glyde

All the hole company byd auoyde
What tyme reason sat by me thus
It was some wynde wold me haue noyed
Sende vnto me by myght of Colus
I trowe that Pluto or Neptunus
Or mars chyef forger of batayle
Or elles helpofter Cerberus
Engendred them me to assayle

What sholde I say they fled that tyde
Bothe despayre and the other rout
Than was there none with me to chyde
I cryspnge by loked rounde about
Than of no thyng was I in dout
Whan reason began to speke softly
Whan she had dyspued the other out
That her to here grete Joye had I

Reason spake with dyspberacyon
Replete with wysedom excellently
So that sothly in conclusyon
She semed an oratoure wytty
What she sayde was sayde playnly
To the vnderstonnyng of euery man
cast of. la.

And syttinge in a chayre me by
Wysely to speke thus she began

My frende this thought se thou eschewe
Feretst thou that rycheesse wyll fayle
Subdue thy selfe to force and vertue
And be ruled by my counsaile
Whiche shall the guyde in eche batayle
So thou consyder what thou hast to do
Thou mayst gete good by thy trauayle
For to fynde the and all thyn to



As god alone must thou honoure
And hym serue with all dyligence
And as thy selfe loue thy nypghboure
Agaynst hym do thou none offence
In trouble se thou haue pacyence
After the tyme and the season
To eche man haue thou obedyence
These be the termes of reason

Thou sholdest not to largely
Reioyse thy selfe of thy rycheesse
Nor yet be wrothe semblably
Of pouerte / peyne / or dystresse
Whan Atropos hym selfe doth dresse
Eche to synge with his mortoll lance
He syngeth the ryche with cruelnesse
And to the poore hath oft suffraunce

Why hold thyn herte for fere thus fayle
Is it not rycheesse ynough to the
To haue thy handes redy to trauayle
Without wem or mayme of thy body

Yf that thou labour certaynly
Thou shalt not faile to haue rycheſſe
So that thou from all synne doſt fle
Deaſably lpyng in mekenelle

Fyſte auoyde eche synne moztall
Replenyshe the with the grace of pyne
Behaue the ſo in this lyfe moztall
That thou to hell do not declyne
Snbmyt thy ſelfe vnto the diſcyplne
Of hym that made eche creature
Praye hym thyn herte ſo to enlumyne
That thou aduerſyte may endure

Whan nede cometh to thy preſence
To beſye labour inſy thy courage
So ſhalt thou make hym to go thens
Conſtreynynge hym maugre his byſage.
And yf dyſtreſſe do vnto the outrage
Thorough beſynelle awaye hym chaſe
Yf thought wolde do to the damage
In ſome good dede put thy ſolace.

And yf pouerte do the aſſayle
O, fals and feble neceſſyte
Enforce thy body vnto trauayle
By ſuche meane ſhalt thou cauſe them flee
Yf dyſconfort do trouble the
Tende not vnto his temptacyon
Yf deſpayre wolde thy lady be
Leue her and come vnto me reaſon

Vf pryde on the do auenture
Dylpyte dyſdayne oꝝ peſumpcyon
caſt of. la.



Beware of them they are not sure
 Of them cometh grete abusyon
 Cast fro the collaudacyon
 Wawayne glozpe with mysgouernaunce
 Fle fro fals ymagynacyon
 Fle bostynge and oultrecydaunce

Yf suche byces on the do warre
 Them and theyr werkes se thou despyse
 Constrayne them by myght to stande a fette
 Pray humplyte the to promyse
 Her helpe and socoure in ony wyle
 With contemplacyon and deuocyon
 But aboue all 3the aduylse
 Be meke of thyn entencyon

Humplyte must be the chyef
 Agaynst prydegrounde of all byce
 And for to kepe the fro myschpye
 Do so that thou mayst haue iustyce
 Gete good prouysyon yf thou be wyle
 Lete hym euer kepe the vantgarde
 Than shall pryde full of malyce
 Renounysge the auoyde reterwarde



After that pryde is fro the chased
 By the myght of humylyte
 With a nother thou shalt be chased
 Whiche is daungerous called enuye
 I companied with myserye
 With falshode/murder/and treasou
 Suche shall be in his companye
 With sclauder and fals detraccon:

As a daungerous capytayne
 Enuye wpll the assaile and touche
 He shal do the full moche payne
 Yf thou as subiect vnto hym crouche
 All reporte hath he in his pouche
 With many byces and dyuers
 Whiche vnto vertue are reproche
 Hym alway tendynge to reuers

Whan that thou seest her the aboute
 In me put thou thy trust and Ioye
 Be not afrayde nor do not doute
 Trust well I shall them all destroye
 Fayth and charyte shall them noye

Cast of, la.

B. iii.

Se thou alwaye do her honour
 So shall she wyte on the employe
 To knowe how she men doth socour

Charyte hath waytynge on her dygnyte
 Verry true loue and misercorde
 Benciuolence with grace and veryte
 Amonge them founde is no dyscorde
 But peas mekenesse and concorde
 These shall the helpe in thy necessyte
 And thus as I vnto the recorde
 They shall enuie auoyde fro the



Ad than when done is this assaute
 On the shall come a tyrant basigerous
 Whose name is Ire withouten faute
 To all vyce fyers and despyous
 And vnto vertue alwaye contraryous
 The whiche in seruauntes doth abounde
 He may well say that he is curous
 Whome this vyce doth not confounde

Cruelte bereth his baner
 Felonye is his chyef champpon

Peruerlyte is his portere
Madnes repgneth in his dongeon
Curled murder that fals felon
Of his hous is as chyef captayne
Here is a curled relyggon
To hym that foloweth thy? trayne

Therefore yf Ire do the dystresse
Shewe thy force and thy pynsaunce
Call vnto the debonayrnesse
Agaynst yre a full mydhty launce
With her shall come fayre sustraunce
Pacynce is chyef / with dyscrecyon
Stedfastenesse with attemperaunce
Subduynge the vnto correccyon

Ire hath neyther mercy nor pety
On man nor woman here lyuynge
But echone assayleth full cruelly
Ennemye to peas and to warre accordynge
Susteyner of eche vyce semynge
Whose furour melteth mannes hert
Whiche to his counsell are leuynge
Wherfore thy syght ther fro dyuert

It is impossyble that a man Irouis
May vnto god do good seruyce
For Ire is a synne ryght daungerous
Whiche is gouerned without Justyce
It is fyers and mortall vyce
Whiche often dothe ryght grete damage
Syth thou art warned be thou wyle
Lyst that he do to the outrage

Shewet hy force and purffaunce
 Call vnto the force with noblenesse
 Pray pacyence to be thy launce
 Whiche shall this vyce tpyghly oppresse
 Whan yre is gone sleuthe shall her dresse
 On euery syde with the to fyght
 Whriche of all vyce is chyeft maystresse
 A strouge tyrannit despyngge ryght



A chyeft capytayne of the rout
 Sleuthe shall haue pleasure the to assaile
 And sonne I put the out of dout
 That in thy bed she shall not sayle
 On the to lye bothe wanne and pale
 On her shall wayte vnlustynesse
 With neglygence boyde of trauaile
 Chyeft gyuder of all buthryftenesse

Defende the fyrstly as a man
 For With sleuthe shall come rechelesnesse
 For to budue the yf he can
 Puttynge the to vnlustynesse
 Accompanyed with fals fayntnesse
 The whiche by theyr inquyte

Whiche one byngeth fro rycheſſe
Unto grete payne and pouerte

Cowardyſe wyl the ſolowe faſt
Yf thou do not thy ſelfe defende
Unto the grounde he wyl the caſt
But yf that thou thy myght extende
And her withſtandynge yf thou entende
With her to fyght by force ſoueraigne
Unto the grounde ſhall ſhe deſcende
Lyke the wynde pealed by rayne

Sleuth to the wyl make good chere
By faynt and feble dyſſymulacyon
But at the ende is his manere
For the ſtange lyke the ſcorpyon
Beware of his abuſyon
Lyſt that thou in his bondes reſt
But for helpe in conſuſyon
To god muſt thou make thy request

Agaynſt ſleuth for thy defence
Entencion to good muſt thou requyre
Drouyde cheſly for dyligence
Beſynelle with charge le thou deſyre
And for good hert le thou enquire
Pray good wyl to be thy gyde
So ſhalt thou ſleuth caſt in the myre
Hym and his alle as he doth ryde

After this aſſaut perylous



On the ſhall come boyde of Juſtice
One ougly fyers and daungerous
Whole name is called auarice

Caſt. of. la.

C. l.



Beware his curled couetyse
 For by his wordes fals and subtyle
 Many ony to hym dothe he atyse
 Whome at the ende he dothe begyle


Auaryce is so yll and vnsacrable
 Neuer fulfylled with rychesse
 And of his mynde ay founde vnstable
 By thought euer fulfylled with heuynesse
 This auaryce doth all them oppresse
 Whiche lyghtly syndeth not socoure
 He and his seruauntes wyll them dresse
 The to assaile at euery houre

Whan auaryce dothe the assaile
 With hym wyll come full syghtly
 Usurye and rappyne withouten fayle
 Fals swerynge and okerye
 Murder theft and trecherie
 Fraude falshode and decepyon
 Accompanyed with robberye
 Malyce and cayllacyon
 Whan that thou seest this companye

With auarice the to dystresse
Withdrowe thy selfe to charyte
To suffraunce and to largesse
But in largesse auoyde excelle
And by almes I the ensure
Auarice thou shalt oppresse
That he no longer shall endure

And yf that ony maner creature
Wolde say that these byces all
Be gyuen vnto them by nature
O; yet by destenye infernall
We semeth nay / they; wyll is lyberall
God hath vs gyuen reason and wyt
Us for to guyde vnto ioy eternall
Whiche we shall haue yf we deserue it

Therefore my sone se that thou entende
Vnto they selfe with perfyte dyligence
Wherby thou mayst the fro this vyce defende
For euer thou seest by playne euydence
That auarice full of malpuolence
Hym moost hurteth that loueth it best
With largesse make for defence
Yf thou woldest haue thy mynde in rest

 When thou overcome hast auarice
With the braunches of his lynage
To the wyll come a cruell vyce
Named glotony full of outrage
Whiche wyll to the do grete damage
Yf thou thy selfe to hym subdue
As well in yowthe as in thy age
This vyce on many doth renewe
Cast. of la.



To drynke whan thou hast no thurst
 Withouth mesure or any reason
 And to ete whan thou hast no lust
 Therin is no dyscrecyon
 He may be called a foule gloton
 That of his wombe his god doth make
 Beware of this abusyon
 Lyst in his bondes this vyce the take

Dysordered appetyte is with glotonye
 And serueth hym chyef on the nyght
 And gurmandise is of his meyny
 And sleuth with hym encreaseth myght
 All these fyersly on the wyll lyght
 On eche syde the temptyng myghtely
 But lyst vp thyn eyen to heuen byght
 Besychyng god of helpe mekely

Sothely whan that thy stomake
 Is furnysshed with mete beyonde nature
 Thou mayst be lykened vnto a sacke
 Replete wth fylthe dunge and ordure
 It dyspleaseth god sore / I the ensue

And to thy selfe doest thou outrage
Than bablith thy tunge without mesure
To others hurt /lander and domage

Yest mayst thou make ryght good resistance
Agaynst them maugre theyr bylage
So that thou wylt take abstynence
The whiche shall be for thyn auantage
Sobryete is chyf of this passage
Whiche shall glotonye fro the auoyde
Who in grete drynkynge hath blage
By deeth lyghtly is destroyed

Drunkenesse dothe the longes brenne
And maketh the membris for to quake
Dronken men often laugh and gremme
Than men doth them for tooles take
Drunkenesse the wyte doth brake
It maketh a man to fyght and chyde
Sothly this vice often doth make
A man of his frendes hompeyde



Whan thou escaped hast glotonye
And passed his cruell mozture
cast of. la.

The soze assaile wyll lecherpe
A ctuell vyce & the ensue
The whiche is of suche natur
At her begynnynge her face to payne
But yf thou she a whyle endure
Thy body wyll she make full faynt

This foule synne ongly to name
With her braunches ryght many folde
Hym that it loueth byngeth to shame
Example of Hercules the bolde
I coude mo counte yf that I wolde
Whome lechery hath made to smerte
Byressly yf thou wilt haue tolde
It destroyeth many a noble herte

It wyll the gyfte solp the pleasaunce
With a desyre ryght dysordynate
Superfluyte with his launce
Yf he with the do make debate
He wyll the lay on the grounde prostrate
And bynge the vnto captyuite
Makynge the fall fro thyn estate
And to knowe thy fraggylte

Cupido shall thyn epen bynde
Hauynge venus hym to socoure
Thus whan these two haue made the blynde
They shall the bynge in grete erroure
Than thou fall in to langoure
For whan thou art in the bondes cought
Yf thou leue not by they rygoure
Shortly they shall the bynge to nought

For to auoyde the crudelyte
Of this fals archer amercous
Take thou the Welde of chastyte
Ther in is fortune prosperous
Chastyte is so byctoryous
That he wyl take byndycacyon
Of this fals vyce full bycpous
And baynquyssh his operacyon

Many be that wyl them excuse
Of theyr loke and beholdynge
Saynge that none can theym accuse
For beholdynge of ony thyng
This reason is vnto them lemyng
Be not out euen made for to se
Suche excusacyons wyl they byng
For to defende theyr infelycye

Thus say they for theyr excusaunce
Why may we not loke here and there
That is trowth without doutaunce
Of thy loke nedest thou not to fere
But yet my sone this mayst thou lere
Thyn eyn vnto the god hath sent
With them to loke euery where
So that thou haue a good entent

The fayre regarde of maryage
Is vnto god ryght grette delyte
In good hope for to haue lynage
Or ellys it is of no profyte
Therefore yf thou wylt be perfyte
Dreue awaye this foolyshe pleasaunce

Geuyng vnto hym no rehyte
For to take the in to his daunce

Remember the grete and soze vengeaunce
Taken of god for this outrage
Often tymes without doutaunce
Of the mayster it maketh the page
But as I sayde in maryage
Behaue the as thou ought to do
With good hope for to haue lynage
Or elles othly thou synnest to

Therefore inbyef conclusyon
To auoyde the prync infernall
Fle from all yll operacyon
Procedynge of these synnes mortall
And of pryde in especyall
For whiche Lucifer fell dowsne to hell
Take this for a doctryne generall
Whiche ensuyng I shall the tell

Agaynst pryde take thou mekenesse
For enuye take thou charyte
Pacyence putteth Ire in dystresse
By dyligence sleuthe is in captiuyte
For couetyse take thou lyberalyte
Glouyn by sobrenesse is made thral
Chastyte subdueth lechery
But good and ferme sayth ruleth all

It is trouthe that mannes nature
To all yll byce is prone and redy
Wherfore the better may he endure
The whiche vseth somwhat percyte

Whiche is a grete frende vnto chastyte
Agaynst synne take suche resystence
If thou wylt auoyde aduersyte
And purchase a place in goddes presence

Therefore if thou wylt heuen obteyne
As thy selfe loue thy neyghboure
Fro mortall synne thy selfe restryne
Fere god and do hym honoure
Do his byddyng which is thy creature
Speke lytell here what wyse men say
So mayst thou escape terrene langoure
And haue wheron to lyue alway

Where as many wordes are spoken
For to speke in breef langage
Often wysedom and trowth is broken
Of moche speche cometh grete damage
Who in grete langage hath blage
Some worde may he say in good entent
The whiche soundeth to grete outrage
And causeth hym after to repent

Behaue thy selfe curtes and amiable
Cause no debate / stryfe / nor dyscorde
Be prudent / symple / and serupable
Speke thou of no man yll report
Take good hope and good confort
Lo here the playne waye of hardnesse
Whiche shall the brynge vnto the sort
That thou desyrest / that is rychesse

Rychesse gotten by soze labour

By watchynge trauayle and by payne
Is vnto god moche more pleasour
Than it is whan it is sodayne
One may in this lyfe mundayne
Obtayne rychesse with grete vertue
But whan it is yll gotten certayne
The getters vnto the deuyll subdue

Folowe therfore the vertuous waye
On the ryght hande that none doth begyle
Leue the left the whiche alwaye
Destroyceth man be he neuer so subtile
This waye that none doth defyle
On the ryght hande is called dyligence
For though the left on the do smyle
The latter ende is boide of all defence

In this cursed waye on the left syde
Many a man doth walke gladly
So at the ende are they destroyed
For that they good is gotten falsly
Some be drowned and some hanged on hye
Be they neuer so hardy/subtile/or wysse
Suche is the ende but the other sothly
Byngeth a man vnto paradyse

A man that foloweth the left way
Can vnneth hym selfe restryne
He that hym selfe restryne not may
Shall fynde it harde to come agayne
Therfore begynne in the way of payne
Whiche shall the bynge to the sterred regyon
And for thy ledars haue no dysdayne

To take vnderstandynge wyth and reason

Some fooles yll and obstinate
Whan they are reprevued by Justyce
Say that they there to are destynate
Wenynge for to excede theyr malyce
They saye that fortune must accomplyse
That that is theyr destyne
Thus dothe the deuyl these wretches atyle
To kepe them in theyr incredulyte

Good wyll must thou haue therfore
Auoyde yll thought fro thyn entent
And yf that thou tempted sore
Beware do not therto consent
Lyft vp thyn eye nto the firmament
Prayenge for helpe and than I reason
Shall be ryght glad / fayne / and dyligent
The to delyuer in euery sealon.

Yf destyne shold haue domynacyon
Than our good dedes shold not auayle
Echone wolde make transgressyon
Yf thou se thyng thy mynde doth fayle
Yf thou do well for thy trauayle
Thou shalt haue Joye / and for yll punycon
Sete heuen / and withouten fayle
Thou escapest all tribulacyon.

Though that they destenye be nought
Be thou not redy to do the worst
He that is of a cursyd thought
Euermore leueth the best.

Yf thou do yll beware the last
Justyce to eche geueth his guerdon
Whan thy soule fro this lyfe is past
Thou shalt haue euen as thou hast done

In this noble way of dyligence
Yf that thou thy selfe redyelle
Thou shalt by playne experyence
By meane there of obteyne rychesse
As for the waye of sleuthfulnesse
How euer it appere the ende is nought
There is but wo/peyne and dystrelle
Dysconfort/trouble/care/and thought

The waye of sleuth a man doth brynge
Unto a place of captiuyte
Where nought is but hunger & mournynge
Called the maner of wo and pouerte
There is no thyng but necessyte
Bede noz drynke/wozke noz trauayle
There lyueth man in suche penurpe
That hunger constrayneth his hert to fayle

Whan one is fall in suche myschaunce
And subdued in suche pouerte
He must to haue his sustenaunce
His clothes sell releued for to be
Whan they are gone than what doth he
Than must he be a begger or a thefe
So in conclusyon here may ye se
Of sleuthe what is the ende and prefe

Of suche folke that ben ocypous

By ryght no man sholde haue mercy
They are to theym selfe contraryous
Sleuth dysceyueth them so falsly
Some be pale blacke and rusty
Agaynst the sonne lyttynge for solace
Some dye for hunger some colde and thursty
Some mot be haue that it doth purchase

Yf thou hast passed a place perylous
And thens escaped without domage
Take good hede se thou be cautelous
Retourne not thyder for thyn auantage
But the behaue as prudent wyse and sage
Auoyd ynge all sleuthe and neglygence
Go about by another passage
Whiche is the waye of dyligence

Yf thou se some goynge amysse
Lyghtly auoyde theyr company
Suche as in thy presence thy mouth wyll kysse
And wolde the sle yf they myght pruely
Be not aquaynted withe suche comonly
Kepe well thy counsell shewe not it
Whan one blynde ledeth another lyghtly
Often they bothe fall in the pytte

Take therfore the ryght passage
Of good hope and good espraunce
Be dyligent for thyn owne anauntage
For therein is rycheesse and pleasaunce
Bothe in plentye and in suffisaunce
But set not thyn hert thereon to soze
Gete not wrongfullye suche aboundaunce

That they soule suffre payne therfore

Who that rychesse to moche dothe pryse
For it takynge labour and greuaunce
Is so brought by vnhappy couetyse
That he is neuer at his pleasaunce
Though he haue rychesse in abundaunce
For all is he not there with content
But a man that hath suffysaunce
To all good gladly dothe consent

Suffysaunce doth god gretely please
As thou full well mayst vnderstonde
And couetyse dothe hym dysplease
Therefore auoyde his cruell honde
Let hym not take the in his bonde
Lest his excelle do the begyle
Yf thou remember thou art but fonde
With it thou endurest but a whyle

Remember it is no thyng permanent
In abundaunce to haue rychesse
As water rennyng sone is it spent
Whan deeth cometh all thyn excelle
Of welth & rychesse tourneth to heuynesse
Thou must it all leue the behynde
Than one of thy kynne with largesse
Bloweth thy pens out with the wynde

Therefore with lytell be thou content
Thankynge euer god of pouerte
Thanke hym of that he hath the sent
Auoydynge synne and iniquyte

If thou with synne subdued be
Thou canst do no dede meritorie
Do well and than I ensure the
Thou shalt obteyne the heuenly glorie

Some folke in all theyr lyfe
To gete good are full dyligent
Lettinge neyther for hatred ne stryfe
And yett are they neuer content
Unto all fallshode they do consent
They tende not but to gete and saue
With couetyse is theyr herte so brynte
That they thynke neuer ynough to haue

Whan they are moost in fortunes grace
Llyfted vp hye vnto the mone
She shewynge them her frowarde face
Causeth them lyghtly to come downe
Though they before late in theyr trone
Fortune on hym hath made a mowe
Wherby theyr rychesse fro them is gone
Than on the grounde tye they full lowe

Therefore se thou fortune desyre
Syth her rychesse is so vnstable
And in god onely thy selfe assyre
In whome is rychesse perdurable
His suffylauce is full profytable
Therefore in hym thy selfe assure
And in this purpose be thou stable
God hym loueth that doth endure

A man ryche full of ygnorauce

Whiche in tyme passed hath had honour
In fortunes rycheſſe haupnge pleaſaunce
Is now downe dryuen by a ſodayne ſhoute
He neuer afore was bleſed to labour
Thus after he hath lepte from hys to lowe
By ydelnes fortune doth on hym loure
He lyeth on the grounde & none wyl hym knowe

Of clothyng deſyre thou no newe gayſe
But clothe thy ſelfe alway honeſtly
Suffre not pryde vpon the to ryle
But go ay meke and ſymple
And ſe thou be content onely
So thou haue good wheron to lyue
Without gacynge ouer largely
Thou knoweſt not whan deſth wyl larryue

If it fortune that by neceſſyte
Thou put thy ſelfe in the ſeruyce
Of any man of grete auctoryte
Otheꝝ lord / marchaunt / oꝝ Juſtice
Be not folyſhe / flaterynge / noꝝ nyſe
Noꝝ yet ſlouthfull in any wyſe
Se that thou flee fro eche vyce
Leſt he the vtterly deſpyſe

What euer he ſaye ſuffre mekely
Fere hym with loue entyre and cordyall
Serue hym bothe daye and nyght truly
Saye of hym good ouer all
Remembꝛe loue is ſo ſpecyall
That without it no good is done
Of his goodes be not lyberall

And god shall paye the thy guerdon

Thou ought of ryght to set thy herte
With all thy myght and thy puyssaunce
Thy maysters wyll for to aduerte
And it to fulfyll without doutaunce
So call thou vnto thy subueuaunce
This prouerbe that I the lere
Kepe it in thy remembraunce
Loue goth neuer without fere

Fere without loue may ryght well be
We fere without loue them that vs menase
But where as true loue is in certaynte
It maketh men lyue euen by compas
Therefore this loue se thou purchase
And thā thou shalt fall in his fauour soone
Than thy rewarde to thy solace
Shall be euen after as thou hast doone

If thou truly thy mayster serue
He shall perceyue it within a whyle
Thā shalt thou haue that thou dost deserue
With a good name whiche none doth fyle
But yf that thou do hym begyle
He shall perceyue it at the last
Than shall thy dedes thy name defyle
So out of his hous he shall the cast

Whan that thou arte thus departed
Without his loue full folyshely
As a seruaunt full yll aduerted
Another mayster must thou seke truly
Cast. of la.

Than shall other come pryuely
And enquire whether thou were yll or good
If he saye yll that they may spee
No man wyll haue the by the rode

But yf that ony be in necessyte
And can none other seruaunt fynde
Than parauenture he wyll haue the
And alwaye be to the vnkynde
But yf he be a sole or blynde
Elles wyll he none of thy scruple
Than shalt thou wander out with þe wyde
No mayster shall loue thy guyse

yf that thou wylte thy mayster please
Thou must haue these thre properttes
Fyrst must thou haue an asses eares
With an hertes fete in all degrees
An hogges snoute and after these
By suche meanes shall I declare
That in tyme of aduersytees
By them the better thou mayst fare

By an asses eares this is ment
That thou must harken hym aboute
If thou se he be not content
Saye nought but se thou hym doute
Where as he is se thou not route
What he comaundeth do gladly
Than shall he not put the out
If thou behaue the thus wysely

By this hogges snoute mene I this

What mete so euer to the is brought
Though it be somewhat a mylle
Take pacence and saye thou nought
Ete thou it not but it be ought
Rather suffre thou a lytell penurye
Another tyme better shall be bought
For to amende that Iniurye

Let thy snoute smell in eche place
And speccally for to seke labour
If thou so do in lytell space
Thou shalt not fayre of his fauour
Let thy pacence ouercome his rygour
And take good hede to his condycyon
Se that thou alway hym honour
Submyttinge the to his correccyon

This spgnyfeth the fete of an herte
Thou must do thy mayster socour
Bothe daye and nyght though thou sholde smerte
To renne and go at euerp houre
Daye nor nyght spare no labour
Rather than he sholde haue damage
Helpe hym in welch and in doloure
If ony man do to hym outrage

Thus reason lefte of her parlyament
Than after touned I me to rest
And than came wpledome full dplygent
A man prudent/dyscrete & honest
Stondynge nere afoze my brest
I lyfced my hced vnto hym nere
He made suche glose vnto the terte

That I had meruayle hym to here



W E that hym ruleth by reason
 Geteth bothe ryches and honour
 Takynge vpon hym labour
 Ever hath he a ryche mansyon
 That is ruled by reason

He puruayeth eche thyng in season
 As best is whan the tyme is grene
 After a storme the sonne doth shene
 That man is quyte of all dyscencion
 Whiche is ruled by reason

Soethly my frende it is abusyon
 It is caduke rycheſſe greetly to prayſe
 To many a man it doth dysleafe
 He auoydeth ſclaunder and detraccon
 Whiche is ruled by reason

We knowe that within a lytell season
Fortunes fauour many one procure
But of her grace no man is sure
Therefore he wyse is in conclusyon
Whiche is ruled by reason

I make towncs & castelles stronge of walles
I make Jests/stories and comedyes
I make the seuen artes lyberalles
With poemes and many tragydees
I haue made many omelyes
Whiche vnto man are full profytable
Wherby he may auoyde all folyes
And of his mynde be ferme and stable

Whan reason on man hath dominacyon
I promote hym vnto grete dygnyte
I hate dyscorde and adulacyon
And loue peas/concorde and equityte
He that wyll lyue well in prosperyte
Must haue reason to be his gouernour
And than wyll I of my owne lyberte
Of very ryght be his protectour

I am wysedome whiche haue knowlegynge
Of good and yll without doutaunce
But without reason I do no thyng
For in her is no maner ygnoraunce
Who me procureth I hym auaunce
Wherefore sone yf thou wylte procede
Be euer content with suffysaunce
Than shall I helpe the at thy nede

Cast. of. la.

D.iiij.

Obeey to rea son what euer she saye
With all thyn herte in lowlynesse
Than by her grace shalte thou putuay
Bothe worlshyp honour and rychesse
She hepeeth men out of dytresse
By her wytte and dyscrecyon
If thou wilt come to partyncesse
Put the in her subgeccyon

The auctor

Thus wyldome vnto me spake
At reasons wyll and comaundement
Wherby grete comforte dyde I take
His reasons were so wyle and prudent
On whose saynge I fyled myn entent
Concludynge vpon the way of payne
But for the tyme passed I was dolent
Whiche lost coude not be called agayne

Than halfe faynt for watchynge excessyfe
I lefte my hede by lokynge me aboute
Lefte alone sore sad and pensyfe
Than was I agayne in doute
I fered them that afore wente out
Than sawe I one full of graunte
Go compassynge my bedde aboute
With two scrunantes in his company

Whan he vnto me dyde appere
I thought he had ben some aduocate
His hode was furred with menyuer
His gowne of the same lyke his estate
He me behelde without ony debate
And sayd his name was dysceyte full slye

Of whome cometh many a mortall fate
 His lytell barlet was named blurpe

Falshode was his seruauntes name
 So knewe I by his fals bylage
 The mayster cared no thynge for shame
 Yet was he a comely personage
 He me so flaterynge by his language
 Set hym downe there by my cheke
 I meruaylled what was his usage
 Than thus vnto me he began to speke



Say my frende wher on doost thou muse
 Thou doost thy selfe dystroy wth thought
 All thy wytte thou doost abuse
 Thou studest soze and all for nought
 Reason hath the in her bondes cought
 But let her go by my counsaile
 Than of rychele that thou hast sought

By my helpe thou shalt not fayle

Wysedome hath the aduertysed
To put the in reasones subgeccyon
A streme man let her be dyspyled
And yelde the vnder my proteccyon
Who loueth reason lacketh dyscreccyon
Thou alway leest a man resonable
That fereth god Justyce and punccyon
Hath neuer ought this is verytable

Reason that sole doth the counsaile
To lyue alway vertuously
Thou shalt haue hunger for thy trauaile
She byddeth the alway labour beset
But by crafte I all sodaynly
Make hym this daye poore ryche to morowe
Therefore reason se thou desyre
Let her and all hers goo with sorowe

Reason with lytell is well content
She setteth no thyng by excelle
For to labour she is euer dyspygent
Without gatherynge of grete rychesse
But I exalte men vnto noblesse
Sodaynly by my arte subtyl
If ony wolde do to me fallnesse
I take hym lyghtly in his owne wyle

But whyle thou thou ensuest reason
Thou shalt neuer come to dygnyte
But poore and synple in euery season
As a bonde man had in captyute

Out of all maner hope of lyberte
Oppressed shalte thou be ouer all
Euery daye well mayst thou se
That the grete doth ete the small

Leue therefore reason by my counsaile
yf thou wylte haue rychele lyghtly
And yf that ony do the assaile
By my crafte I shall blete theyr eye
yf that thou do entende to me
Thou shalte fynde that thou hast sought
I shall be at thy wyll redy
And whyle I lyue thou shalte lacke nought

If that thou wylte come to thyn ease
And haue golde at thy pleasour
Thy neyghbour se that thou dysleas
With inturpe/damage/force/and rygour
Let my dyscepte be an thy gouernour
Ozelles my seruaunt vsurpe
from one to other go euery houre
With a glosynge language of flaterye

Let thy tunge be as a knyfe
With euery man therwith to rage
And where thou woldest haue no stryfe
Shewe thy selfe dyscrete and sage
Specyally where as is auantage
Speke saye tyll thou haue thy pray
But yet let not to do damage
To euery man whyle that thou may

Gouerne the euer with dyscepcion

Cañ. of la.

C. l.

Care not for them that are in payne
At poore folke haue thou deryspon
To gete good do the not refrayne
For to deceyue men set thy brayne
In theyr presence shewe them good chere
But of theyr hurte se thou be fayne
In theyr absence in eche manere

Speke fayre with falshode amonge
Shewe thy selfe meke and treatable
Take money by ryght and wronge
Make the ryche man myserable
Gather togyder rychesse arrable
Fere neyther god ne the deuyll of hell
Of thy wordes be thou not stable
To ryche enuyous to poore cruell

Paye nought in plede nor in procelle
Lene no thyng but vnto vsure
Se that thou the poore oppresse
Take theyr herytage and nourytur
Spare no thyng the to periuere
And yf that ony do the repzeue
By swerynge fast thy selfe assure
From his good hym to remeue

Thou shalt haue rychesse at the last
To lyue in grete prosperyte
If thou speke fayre and borowe fast
Faynyng thy selfe in charyte
For now a dayes in trowth and beryte
No man of the wyll haue count
Without clothyng auctoryte

Lyke a knyght or a bycount

Kepe thy termes lyke thyn estate
With ermyne or sables furre thy gowne
If ony man haue enuye therate
By thy crafte tourne hym by set downe
Thus mayst thou encrease thy renowne
And yf ony come with the to speke
Let thy man saye thou arte not in the towne
That he may come often the to seke

Let hym retourne the to enquire
Be not asshamed for to lye
And what thyng that thou doost desyre
Be it good or badde do it lyghtly
Take no hede to well nor trulpy
So it be done take thou no thought
And I shall helpe the euer besely
So that at nede thou shalte lacke nought

To hym that is curteys and lowly
Euery man dare agayn saye
But to one ryche gaye and hastye
Scant is one that dare saye nay
They wyll hym fere lyst that he saye
Therefore eche man wyll hym for bere
Fayne felanye on them to laye
And than shall euery man the fere

What euer thou doost werke by wyle
Fyll thy stomacke full of falsuete
fro the reason do thou cople
Of her nought cometh but dystresse

Cast of. la.

C. 11.

Refuse sayth take thou falsnesse
For suche is the worlde in this season
As thou mayst se by eydence expresse
They are all poore that folowe reason

Se thou be redy aye to take
Withont gyuynge ought agayne
Thy promesse swerynge se thou forsake
Thus mayst thou haue rycheesse todayne
Let thy tunge folowe the comyn trayne
Of adulatory couered with eloquence
Thus shall euery man be fayne
Unto the for to do reuerence

If there come to the ony myschaunce
Care not it shall do the no grefe
Thou shalt for thy sustenaunce
We and my men the to relefe
We shall defende the fro myschefe
And vnder the vmbre of beryte
Though he be neuer so fals a thefe
We shall ouercome hym by our subtylte
Loke what it is for to haue polyce
With crafte subtylte and practyke
By whiche meanes he that worketh spy
Casteth his enemy lyghtly in the dyke

Trewe wysedome se thou exyle
Whiche causeth thought and heuyness
Whise alway men to begyle
Let not to make fayre promesses
Euery daye here twenty messes
But haue at none of them deuocyon

And spare thou not to excesses
Of these fallshode and extorcion

Byleue me for thyne auantage
And refuse thou reason bitterly
Fallshode my frende shall be thy page
Exaltynge the to rycheesse myghtely
Whan thou arte in suche case truly
Euery man shall do the honour
And yf that ony do to the bylany
Se thou hym tame by thy rygout

Whyle that reason on the doth rayne
Thou shalte neuer come to wo:thynesse
But neuer of pouerte complayne
Auoyde of my:th full of sadnesse
Thou shalte not nede to count expresse
Crownes/nobles/no: royalles
Thou shalte be voyde of all rycheesse
And of degrees tempo:alles

Thou hast herde what I haue the tolde
This is my mynde and my counsayle
Wherfore on me se thou be bolde
And do here after for thyne auayle
Thou mayst thou come without trauayle
To rycheesse so thou auoyde reason
If thou thus do without fayle
No more wpll I saye at this season
The auctour.

Whan this fals captyf had thus sayd
It was abstracte nere fro my mynde
His wordes made me sore afrayde


Cast of. 14.

D. 111.

That I vnstable was as the wynde
About me socour coude I none fynde
For fere I quaked/colde were my fete
I had in me as good a mynde
As hath a gosse vpon a spete

That whiche reason dyde me counsaile
Was good holsome and reasonable
Dysceyte contrarpe dyde me assaile
Shewyng me craftes dyscepuable
Thus was my mynde as vapyable
As a fane stondyng in the wynde
In no purpose ferme nor stable
As now a dayes we may fynde

As I thus laye troubled full sore
Wysdome retourned to me agayne
More prudent than he was before
Whiche with his langage dyscrete & playne
Exorted me for to refrayne
Me fro that thefe decepcion
And than reason sholde me mayntayne
And thus sayd he in conclusyon

 Olt thou trust fallshode or dysceyte
A poore man they wyll the dysfame
They loue but dyscorde and debate
They prayse the yll & good both blame
And they pryncypally are the same
Whiche byngeth man to the pytte of hell
Trust in reason moost noble of fame
Whiche no thyng doth but that is well

That man is madde that leueth reason



Unto dyscepte for to be lenynge
 He that so doth after in bryfe season
 Aynst hym selfe is murmurynge
 Therfore be thou the withdrawynge
 For of hym benym doth dyscende
 A yue after reason aboue all thyng
 For who well lyueth well doth ende

How many dayly doost thou se
 That leuynge reason them selfe assure
 In fallshode haupnge grete dygnyte
 Fro poore men takynge theyr pailure
 In this extorcyon they longe endure
 By fallshode getynge good mundayne
 But whan that knowen is theyr nature
 They be made poore by chaunce sodayne

We haue ofte sene grete wyndes blowe
 Cast of. la.

E. liij.

And with a lytell rayne ouercome
So many men be brought full lowe
Before ex. lted by fals custome
Some rayed in scarlet and other some
Trayed in golde tussue and beluet
The one after other vnto the swerde become
The other trayned vnto the gybet

If that they had trusted in reason
A euynge fallshode that dyscepuour
They sholde not haue had suche confusyon
But styll haue lyued in theyr houour
Reason that lady of grete valour
Doth nought that is to repleue
But dysceyte that fals traytour
His chefe subgettes doth myscheue

Syth that rychesse is so varyable
Wherfore take we therfore suche payne
Consyderynge our lyfe so vnkayle
From deeth we can vs not refrayne
The daye and houre is vncertayne
Therfore let vs lyue scarcely
For this a thyng moost certayne
That fyrst or last we must nedes dye

Dysceyte in his fyrst begynnynge
To eche man well ynough doth founde
But an euyll de. his his endynge
His scollers thus doth he confounde
But hym that in rychesse doth abounde
By reason gotten eche man doth prayse
In dysceyte suche ende is founde

That euery man doth it dyspraise

By reason well mayst thou obtayne

Rychesse mundaye suffyciently

Who that hath none bydeth in payne

And ofte is entreted vncurteysly

Who hath not money and that largely

Were he as holy as was saynt poule

Where euer he goth contynually

He shall be taken but for a fole

Who that by reason doth good purchase

He lyueth therewith ryght merely

To his pleasour with grete solace

But yf that ony thyngh enuye

Wolde do hym wronge or iniure

He must to god call for socoure

And than shall he fall hastely

Hym ayde and helpe at euery houre

The anticour.

Thus in my bedde I troubled layde

Halfe releued was my courage

I toke good hede to that he sayd

For he was wyle discrete and sage

And thynkyng it for myn auantage

Submytted me to the grace dysuyn

I knowe dysceyte by his outrage

Wolde me haue brought vnto ruyne

So purposed I fully to take

The counsaile of my lady reason

And dysceyte vterly forsake

With his fallshode and abusyon

Than beyng of this oppynyon

Reason dyde vnto me appere
 With her face bryght as the sonne
 Arrayed in a ryche manere

This lady was ryght gracious
 Pleasaunte and amiable
 On me lokynge with there Jopous
 With a salutacyon ryght honourable
 For this fals captyfe myserable
 Dysceyte with his seruauntes two
 For all they? there abhomyable
 At her comynge dyde fro me go



I Am glabde of the perfyte victorie
 Whiche thou hast obteyned this nyght
 It shall be to the ryght meritorye
 In the hygh trone that is so lyght
 Dyscedome with his noble myght
 Hath ben for the a good solycytour

But syth thou hast agreed to the ryght
Now shalte thou be my scrupytour

I gyue the in cōmaundement
For to serue me ferme and faythfully
Haunt company wyse and prudent
So shalte thou haue ryches largely
I knowe that mannes mynde truly
By temptacyon full ofte doth barp
What I cōmaunde do thou gladly
And to me reason be not contrary

What man that I do sustayne
I make cleane from all maner vyce
But he that falshode doth mayntayne
Hateth con corde / peas / and Justyce
God wyll that thou leue malyce
And vsurpe in pryncypall
Whiche thou must do yf thou be wyse
With persyte wyll and cor dyall

I kepe men in theyr fraunchyse
I make the feble stronge and able
Dysceyte to yll men doth atyse
And doth nought that is profytable
Be therfore constaunt / ferme / and stable
Endue thy herte with force and vertue
So shalte thou dysceyte full myserable
By godly wysedome strongly subdue

Good name is better than rycheesse
The grace of god is full excellent
Trust not in the fayre promesse

Of dysceyte he his termes eloquent
Behaue thy selfe wyse and prudent
Be ruled by grace and pacyence
Bothe daye and nyght be dyligent
To gete the treasour of sapience

And yf that god gyue the wysedome
Be not therof proude nor glayous
But more synple se thou become
Thankynge hym with chere pyteous
Let thy mynde be euer vertuous
Submyttynge the to thy creatour
Whiche is so meke and gracypous
That he wyll be thy gouernout

With ethe man be in charyte
Begynnynge at thy selfe fyrst of all
Let all thy dedes sounde vnto equityte
To pooze men be thou lyberall
Men wyse and vertuous to the call
Whiche shall the kepe from all damage
Auoyde flaterers from thy hall
The to dysceyue is theyr blame

With me abydeyth none malycpous
Cynraunt traytour nor coward
But noble people wyse and vertuous
And peas as chefe bereth the standarde
Who casteth on me his regarde
Shall suerly scape bothe hope and sounde
Who in dysceyte hath his forwarde
Whan he moost trusteth is brought to ground

If that by fortune thou haue aduersyte
Without nourse paciently endure
God knoweth thy fragiltyte
Fro poynt to poynt I the ensure
And yf dysceyte on the procure
Auoyde the cause the tyme and place
For without douce I the ensure
Dysceyte synneth in goddes face

Where as is pryde myschefe is bye
Therefore of humylyte take comforte
Fals flaterye so thou desyre
And tende no thyng to dyscomforte
Beware fallshode and yll reporte
Auoyde robberye and all maner wronge
If thou do as I the exorte
In vertue shalt thou lyue full longe

Thou mayst gete yf thou folowe me
Rychesse mundayne in suffylauce
Without fallshode or iniquyte
Or doyng thy neyghbour ony greuaunce
Thy good and yll in a balaunce
Shall be weyed at the daye extreme
And than after thyn ordynaunce
The myghty Iuge shall the deme

Therefore sone by me thou may
Obteyne goodes mundayne & eternall
A yue without thought in lawe aray
Without ony payne corporall
Of this rychesse that is temporall
Thou mayst with Joye haue there thy parts

And the hyghe glozre celestvall
Whan thy soule shall hens departe

Beholde what two grete benefrees
For dayne for my scrupytour
Where other fylled with malyses
By fallshode lese all suche honours
Puriuers theues and seductours
Saturate with synne and ordure
Lye here in castelles and in toures
But they? estate can not endure

Robbery pyllynge and cauyllacyon
Thefte with fallshode doth gouerne
That fals tyraunt decepcion
And ledeth hym vnto the cauerne
Fals blurpe doth dyscerne
They? armes with his termes blasynge
With pryde of all vyce lantern
Unto they? counseyll is lenynge

Suche as they haue but small conscience
Wherfore se that thou them dyspyse
They refuse vertue cunnynge and scyence
Lenynge to ryotte suche is they? guyse
Wherfore dere sone I the aduysle
Let not they? power on the extende
For yf it do I the promysle
At tyborne wyll they make the ende

If fallshode thugh his wyllynnes
Exalte a man vnto honour
Had after yf tyat his ryches

Be lost by some sodayne thought
They to whome he dyde ryght
Before wyl hope of his domage
They wyl be redy at euery houre
To hym to render his outrage

One vnto another wyl saye
Loke where he lyeth that was
His good yll gotten is now alway
And se where he lyeth in the dyke
We thought that his ende wold
He hath lyued in welth to longe
His scabbed skyn is now doth
That he dare not come vs among

Thus mayst thou se it is profyte
To lyue truly in this mortall lyfe
Getynge rycheesse by meanes bette
Syth it yll gotten encreasech
Who labourerch for rycheesse excellen
Weneth to come vnto hys estate
But at the last he abyderch penury
And euery good man dooth hym

Leue therfore byce and loue vertue
If thou wylte lyue in lybertye
And than men knowynge the good & true
Wyl be gladde of thy company
But yet must thou haue humylyte
With pacence & con corde thy way to dresse
With fapth / trouth / and equyte
If thou wylte gete heuenly rycheesse

Be thou symple of countenaunce

Speke fayre with chere amynable
Beware dysceyte and fere his launce
Be not of purpose varyable
It is a thyng abhomyable
Unto an habyte of faythfulnesse
To haue a fals herte & reprobable
Full of wrathe / pre / and fallnesse

Under the vmbre of beryte
Many one bleth fals dyscepcyon
Ulyng to speke ryght faythfully
But fallshode is in theyr entrecyon
They thynke other to dysceyue by treason
But theyr selfe dysceyued do they fynde
But letne this sone of me reason
God knoweth euery mannes mynde

God knoweth playne and clerely
Mannes mynde thought and courage
For he by his grace ineffably
Made hym lyke to his owne ymage
Sholdest thou not than do hym homage
Wiche hath the gyuen so grete a benefyce
Passyng all other in auauntage
That is the realme of paradysse

And after whan by dysobedynce
Man was dampned to be in payne
That hyghe lord a lambe of innocence
With his owne blode bought hym agayne
This blyssed lord had no dysdayne
For to become a man mortall
And suffre deeth with many a payne

With his owne blode brought hym agayne
This blessed lord had no dysdayne
For to become a man mortall
And suffre deth with many a payne
To make vs fre that erst were thral

This lord chefe mayster of Justyce
Shall kepe his Jugement synall
Than some that here be moost of pryce
Shall than be myserablest of all
The pooze and ryche shall be egall
Eche man shall haue lyke audyence
All mankynde there in generall
Shall there abyde this Juges

The aungelles shal theyr trump
Callynge man to the Jugement
Than euery man full well shall
Know that he here his lyfe hath spent
With an hygh voyce that lordes
Shall call my seruauntes w^h hy
The badde all penyfe / woo / and
Perpetuall shall be dampned

Now arte thou so that thou may
The harde waye of saluacyon
Or elles yf thou wylte that aboue
Thou fyndest the waye of pen
Do after me sone that am
To auoyde the fendes cruell
And than that Juge prynee
Shall the set on his ryght
Cast. of la.

On the rayne borne meke and propre
On hye shall sit that myghty lord
Hauynge on his one hande Justyce
And on the other myltyr porde
With them shall be peas and conorde
And vryte shall be there playne
This Iuge with these at one accorde
Shall Iuge the lygnage humayne

God shall my seruauntes vnto hym call
With meke chere and countenaunce
Vnto his hyghe sete imperyll
But after another maner or chaunce
He shall saye wordes of grete penaunce
To falshode seruauntes whiche shal be dunt
Puttynge them to extreme vttraunce
Ite maledicti in ignem eternum

What shall they? rycheesse than auayle
Whan they shall haue but ryghtwysnesse
Eche man shall haue after his traualle
The good lyght and the yll derkenesse
Some shall thynke it a daye of swetnesse
But other some with crye and yell
Shall thynke that daye of bytternesse
Dysceydyng do wone to the pytte of hell

Therfore frende to thy selfe take hede
Renounce falshode with all iniquyte
This daye shall make the to haue dyede
If thou it call to mynde truly
Who geteth rycheesse here falsly
Of hell paynes shall haue his parte

And therfore hyther come am I
fro this payne the to dyuerse

Therfore aryse and do me homage
With meke herte and entencion
Refusynge falshode with his outrage
Makynge luche prouysyon
That thou mayst lyue by dyscressyon
Than shall I makee th to possede
A place in the heuently regyon
No all my seruauntes hath luche mede



After that I herde my lady reason
So wysely speke full of prudence
I forsoke dysceyte / falshode & treason

Yeldynge me vnto her magnyfyceunce
I kneled downe in her p[re]sence
Knowynge it for myn auantage
With meke loue and obedyence
Vnto reason I made homaige

Holdynge my handes vp to her grace
With lowe chere dyde I me p[re]sent
There shewed I her all the case
How that I my lyfe had spent
This noble lady wyse and prudent
Surely vnto me dyde promesse
So I wolde make amendement
To be my lady and maystresse

Than this lady approached nere
Of all other moost good and gracious
With lowly countenaunce and chere
Of my helth grety desyrous
And to her seruauntes neuer contrarious
Seynge her nere thus vnto her sayd I
Moost excellent lady moost good & glorious
To your wyll I me submytte gladly

Do ye with me what is your pleasour
I am euer redy gladde and dyligent
To to all thyng that may you honour
Neuer wyllynge more to be neglygent
To suche vertues or counseyle prudent
I desye fallshode with his subtyltees
To you obeyenge with hole entent
Bothe in welth and aduersytees

Reason was gladde in eche degre
Whan she herde me saye in this wyse
Than as syster vnto humylyte
Out of her chayre sone dyde she ryse
And kyllynge me she dyde promyse
Euer at my nede for to be kynde
Than sodaynly in a leete wyse
This lady entered in to my mynde

Thus whyle that reason was my guyde
I gouerned me well and wysely
Dylcepte and fallhode settynge asyde
With wretchednesse and blurte
To byde with reason purposed I
As longe as good lent me my lyfe
Beynge in this purpose dyde I espye
Approche an olde man and his wyfe

Whan I them sawe I was content
They were so meke and gracyous
The mannes name was euydent
Good wyll to none was contraryous
The womannes good herte to none enuyous
The whiche two had with them brought
A yonge chylde pleasaunt good and vertuous
In excellence passynge my thought

This chylde euer by good wyll stode
Upon her hande to her lenynge
This was his name lust to do good
As me thought vnto my sempynge
These thre togydet on me sempynge
Approched nere and fyrst of all

Cast of. la.

I. iij.

Good herte began with this saynge
 With meke countenaunce and lyberall



SIch that reason resteth in the
 Sone I shall not from the departe
 The tyme & season now mayst thou se
 Whiche bryngeth the ease of herte
 We shall fro the all yll dyuerse
 Puttynge in to thy subgeccion
 Thy wyfe & chyldren hole & quarte
 Whan age cometh the vpon

We tre togyder shall the conuay
 Unto a place full of all pleasaunce
 Thre shall we shyfte fo: to puruay
 To helpe the out of all greuaunce
 This place is of grete cheyrsaunce
 Goten onely by waye of dplygence
 The whiche place shall the auuaunce

To the hye degre of excellence
Folowe vs and we shall the bynge
In to the hye way whiche is ryght spacyous
The whiche way hath at his endynge
A fayre castell pleasaunt and sumptuous
In whiche remaineth a tresour precyous
That is worldly goodes full of noblesse
This place is called that is so beauteous
Labour wherin remaineth rychelle

Reason ryght often hath the tolde
Of this castell whiche is so honourable
Passynge all castelles a thousande folde
And vnto mankynde moost profytable
But the waye is so varyable
That none can come thyder without vs thre
But he must haue some fortune myserable
And be compelled agayne to fle

Therefore who thyder doth hym dresse
Not hauynge vs in his companye
Shall neuer truly haue rychelle
His fortune is in grete dysficultye
Many oue cometh vnto dygnyte
By fallshode/ vsurye/ and rappyne
But at the ende symple pouertye
Kepeth them fallen in to rypne

Syth thou applyest to reasons doctryne
I shall helpe the euer at thy nede
By wyse shall vnto the enclpne
By sone shall helpe the for to spede
Do after vs and haue no drede

For we thre shall to the be kynde
Whan thou hast laboured for thy mede
If thou well do thou shalt well fynde

Lust to do good is now redy
Vnto this place the to conuay
Thertore arys and come lyghtly
And we shall well for the peruay
Reason her scruauntes helpeth alway
Whiche hath vs hyther vnto the brought
Kysse vp let vs go without delay
For after grete rest ofte cometh thought

¶ The auctour.

I accorded vnto them lyghtly
Auoyde of slouth and neglygence
With them thyder to go gladly
Vnto this place chese of dyligence
Whiche of all honour hath preemynence
Eche man for to helpe at his nede
Than thought I for to recompence
The tyme loste and thyder to spede

But I tolde them I knewe no thyng
Of dyligences nor yet of besynesse
Good herte sayd by our techyng
Thou shalt knowe the way expresse
Thou mayst bothe saye & thynke doubtlesse
Whyle we thre are conductours
That thou arte voyde of heuynesse
And sure of all worldly honours

Awake and put the in apparayle
To moche slepe hurteth man certayne

In this waye must thou soze trauayle
For reason so doth it ordayne
For what man that taketh payne
On hym with trauayle and abstynen ce
To rycheſſe nedes must attayne
Therfore aryle and go we hens

So sone thou must bestowe thy tyme
In other wyse than thou hast done
Let not to labour for no cryme
Lettynge thy dedes ay sounde to reason
And as for me I me abandon
With my husbande on the to wayte
Unto this castell and noble mansyon
Wherin is rycheſſe without dysceyte

Who other begyleth hym selfe dysceyueth
Rycheſſe yll gotten cometh to yll ende
Who in this castell fallshode conceyueth
Shall not his power ferre extende
But after deeth yf thou wylte ascende
Take me and trauayle to be thy gnyde
Whiche in this castell shall the defende
By our meanes in euery tyde

Cust to do good

Do my faders comaundement
If thou truly wolde haue rycheſſe
And to my moder be dyligent
In that thou mayst with lowlynesse
And I shall do my wyll and besynesse
Unto my power the to sustayne
Wherfore auoyde thou slouthfulnesse
And vs to solowe take on the payne

Cast of. 1a.

G. 1.



Thus I hauryngre grete delyte
 To here them speke so wysely
 Lepte fro my bed without respyte
 And made me redy hastely
 Good wyll wente full redely
 To lyght a candell at myn instaunce
 Whiche as she wente songe so merely
 That her to here I had pleasaunce

I toke my clothes vnto me necessaie
 And made me redy at theyr instaunce
 Lust to do good full gladly
 To here the candell had grete pleasaunce
 Than wente they forth all in ordynaunce
 As folke replenysshed with mekenesse
 That to beholde theyr countenaunce
 My herte was fylled with gladnesse
 Lust for to do good wente alwaye

Before beryng the candell lyght
 Good wyl wente nexte in fayre aray
 And than good herte folowed ryght
 Sothly it was a pleasaunt syght
 To se togyder so meke a company
 I had not suche sorowe all the nyght
 As I had than myrth and melodye



Ihan entred we in to the waye
 Of grete payne called dylgence
 Without restyng I wente alwaye
 There founde I no resyltence
 These thre were cuer in my p[re]sence
 For the waye was unknowen to me
 I hasted me vnder theyr defence
 That I myght there the sooner be
 Thus wente we forth a lytell whyle

Cast of. la.

G. 15.

Of the waye was I ygnoraunt
By thre felawes dyde on me simple
On me beholdynge with glad semblaunt
Than sawe I this castell fayre & pleasaunt
Most ryche stronge and sumptuous
Whan I it sawe so resplendaunt
Sothly of herte I was full Ioyous

Unto the gate whan I was nye
I wolde haue entred without sauegadre
But the porter resysted me
Beholdynge me with chere frowarde
Of that castell he kepte the garde
His wyfe was euer in his presence
Thynkest thou to entre he sayd cowarde
Not hauynge our loue nor our lycence

Besyneffe.

Thynkest thou to entre without our leue
In to this castell chese grounde to rycheffe
Nay nay thou must hens remeue
None entreth here but by mekenesse
My wyfe Cure and I besyneffe
Haue suche offyce in this castell
To vs obeyeth bothe more and lesse
That hath intencion therin to dwell

By the fayre path of dyligence
Thou arte come hyder as I byleue
Yet mayst thou not here haue resydence
Without loue fauour and leue
Thou mayst not entre therfore remeue
For with the am I not content
Auopde or elles I shall the greue
His wyfe than sayd incontynent

CCure

Gentyll husbonde holde hym excused
He wyll obey vnto your comaundement
Let not his mekenesse be refused
He wyll nought without your assent
I knowe hym wyse/dyscrete/a prudent
He wyll gladly do you homage
So it wyll please you be content
Of fauour to graunt hym passage

Comaunde hym what so euer ye please
And he shall do it without fallace
He purposeth not you to dysplease
But hym submyteth vnto your grace
Prayenge that he may haue place
In to this castell for to go
He hath our fouour to purchase
Good herte and good wyll also

TThe auctour.

Than besynesse as a man full kynde
Sayd/syth thou hast suche socour
By fauour redy shalte thou fynde
The for to helpe at euery houre
To here hym speke I had pleasoure
Than sayd he/syth thou hast reason
Thou shalte not fayle of grete honoure
With welth and rycheesse in brefe leason

Besynesse.

That called am besynesse
Vnto man rycheesse do procure
By wyfe also in all dysstresse
Doth man of her helpe assure
This place is called by droiture



The excellent castell of labour
 If thou here be I the ensure
 Thou must be besye in euery houre

Syth thou arte in our subieccyon
 Trust wyl thou shalte come to rycheffe
 For whyle in thy mynde abyde th reason
 By no meane cannest thou haue skatnesse
 I shall helpe the in all besynesse
 In this castell to ensure the trayne
 The capytayne therof and the maystrisse
 Are called by name trauayle and payne

Thou shalte in this place haue moche ado
 Vannes wyl for to deserue
 Thou shalte skant fynde the meane therto
 The capytayne is so yll to serue
 Unneth his byddynge canst thou obserue

Withouth it be well done and a pace
But in goodnesse thou the still preserve
Thou shalt be soone out of theyr grace

Thus do I the afore aduerte
Of the grete payne that thou shalt fynde
Lest that after it sholde greue thy herte
Therefore on this dome set thy mynde
The capytayne is somewhat unkynde
Whiche shall do to the grete rygour
Eche thyng tourney as the wynde
Within this castell of labour

¶ The auctour.

All that shall do me none yll
I shall assaye them for to please
I haue founde good herte and good wyll
With good lust to do good whiche shall ease
I trust no man for to dysplease
Whyle I of them do take counsaile
I wyll not let for no dysleale
To go in to this castell of trauaile

Han besynesse I cure brought me in to
This castell ample and spacyous
Shewyng me men and women also
Soe workyng and none ocious
The to beholde was a thyng meruaylous
Bothe yonge and olde of every faculte
To labour was there none contraryous
Eche one wolde afore his felaue be

They smote with hammers that were stronge

Cast of, la.

G. iii.



That to beholde I had grete wonder
 Suche a noyle was them amonge
 That it sounded lyke the thunder
 Some were aboue and some were vnder
 In theyr shertes labourynge for bete
 Some dyde peces breke in lunder
 Some agayne them togyder bete

To beholde them I had delyte
 Seynge them worke to lustely
 That to labour I had appetyte
 Cure and besynelle that dyde spye
 Whiche sayd vnto me shortly
 That yf I coude labour well
 They wolde gete me lycence gladly
 In that castell for to dwell

Than to them answered I certayne
 That to labour I was content

Than spake they to the capytayne
Requyringe hym for to assent
He graunted me a place present
Conuenient for my degre
There promysed I for to be dyligent
So that in theyr fauour I myght be

I set me downe vnto labour
With besynesse and partyte dylgence
Trustyng therby to haue honour
Cure and besynesse were not thens
I was ryght glad of theyr presence
For they taught me how I sholde do
Vnto them I gaue audyence
And what they sayd I agreed therto.

Than came the wyfe of the capytayne
Goynge here and there trottyng
They tolde me that her name was payne
Eche mannes labour vpsytynge
Her handes and her forehede swetyng
She tarped no more in ony place
Than doth a pursuyuaunt rydynge
Whan he wolde purchase some grace

Somtyme in her smocke remynge fast
No thyng tendyng to rest nor ease!
She ran styll whyle her bryeth wolde last
Not sparyng for no displease
She was dyligent eche man to please
And me behelde approachyng nere
She sayd syr porteyr ye me by displease
For byynyng of this strounger here

Payne.

Syr belynelle that are porter
Of this castell shewe me playne
Who hath brought hyther this stranger
I sawe hym neuer afore certayne
Cometh he fro fraunce or fro bytayne
I must knowe his cause and his entent
He must submytte hym vnto my payne
Or elles in beyne his tyme is spent

Belynelle.

My lady payne haue ye no doute
For hyther is he come truly
With good herte and good wyll hym aboute
Whiche hyther hath hym brought besely
Lust to do good is to hym nye
Whiche is a chyld ryght honourable
Ye shall fynde hym to you redy
Humble of herte and scruplable

Cure.

My husbonde and I loue hym ryght well
We shall helpe hym at euery nede
Ye shall not nede hym ought to tell
Therfore my lady haue ye no drede
Euen as he doth gyue hym his mede
And my husbonde shall be his borowe
That in his labour he shall spede
And neyther spare for payne nor sorowe

Payne

E saye bothe well and myself
I knowe not yet how he wyll proue
For many one be soone wery
Of labour whan it doth them grene
But suche sothly be to reppreue

B. G. 2. 22



But we shall soone ſewhat labour
 He can do: or that he remeue
 To come to rycheſſe and honour

CThe auctour.

Chan payne to me approached nere
 Byddynge me labour dyligently
 And that I ſholde in eche manere
 Do my beſynelle well and myſelf
 Not ſparynge my body nor my bones
 And he that dyde not ſo truly
 Sholde auoyde that place at oncs

I tolde her that I had deſyre
 To worke faſt without fayne
 And for to folowe her pleaſyre
 So that ſhe ſholde not complayne
 Saynge I truſted to obtayne
 By my labour welth and rycheſſe
 And that I ſholde my ſelfe conſtrayne

To be nere Cure and Besynesse

¶ Payne.

¶ That is answered by good wopen
Whan trauayle my husbonde shall you se
The whiche is feble and auncken
Your werke and labour shall he ouerse
Of hym rewarded shall ye be
After your worke and your labour
And in the meane tyme ye shall haue me
Alway redy at your locour

¶ The auctour.

¶ Than began I to labour fast
Employnge theron pleasure & myght
Contynuenge whyle the nyght dyde last
¶ Than in the mornynge appered lyght
In at a wyndowe that was bryght
¶ Than blew I my candell out
Labourynge styll with all my myght
As othet that were me aboute

¶ Styll to labour I dyde me cast
By suffraunce of the grace dryuyn
¶ Unto the tyme of the breakfast
Where we had neyther ale ne wyne
¶ They myght not tary for to dyne
So sure on labour was theyr purpose
¶ Tyll labour called them to declyne
By payne constrained so vp they rose

¶ They were all homely as companions
¶ Theyr labour gaue them an appetyt real
Some ete garlyke some ete onyons
¶ Suche seruyce was amonge them all

Browne brede to them was cor dyall
 Wetyng it in the water clere
 Drynkynge of the fountayne clere as crystall
 They had no scozne of this manere

There was neyther befe ne moton
 To ete whan hunger dyde them assayle
 Suche is the maner in this season
 Some be rewarded yll they? trauayle
 They wrought in peas and in batayle
 Some etynge and labourynge bothe at ones
 Not sparynge they? body without fayle
 At chese labourers for the nones



Wan that I sawe they? cor dyen
 So prone to labour and besynesse
 I set myn hole and ferme entencion
 By suche labour to gete rycheesse
 Than upon me came fayntnesse

That I had lust to refresh the nature
Whan they me sawe in suche dystresse
I lacked no brede I you ensure

I wolde be of theyr company
And takynge this brede with good wyll
I therof bote ryght merclly
Styll workynge not thynkynge yll
I had no scoorne me for to fyll
With this brede but theron bote
And after with chere meke and styll
With fayre water I washed my throte

I fylled my bely fayre and well
With this fayre brede made of rye
Drynkyuge alway at the well
And yet styll wrought I merclly
I was as well at ease truly
As though I had had all deyntees
In the worlde for certaynty
To moche is nought in all degreys

Shortly to saye I was as full
As was conuenient to nature
For excelle maketh the mynde dwell
I reporte me to besynesse and cure
For often tymes man doth murmure
Whan he is full of mete and wyne
To all vyce proue I the ensure
Excludynge hym from the grace bywyne

Whan I was thus refreshed well
I drew me to my werke agayne

Good herte and good wyll dyde me tell
 How I sholde do also certayne
 Lust to do good dyde me mapintayne
 Thus drede I me vnto besynesse
 I spared neyther trauayle nor payne
 Without failshode to gete rychesse



Use and charge dyde me beholde
 Comaundyng me to labour fast
 And tolde me suerly that they wolde
 Rewarde me truly at the last
 So laboured I tyll the daye was past
 And as I laboured longe I merely
 Tyll hysperus cloudes the daye ouercast
 And that the nyght approached nye

Than cure vnbyden wente a pace
 And lyghtly lyghted a candell
 She set by my workynge place

And many newe poyntes to my dyde tell
 She sayd who bydeth in bydeth in this castell
 After the comaundment of reason
 Must worke vnto the curfne kneell
 Consyderinge the tyme and season
 At her byddynge I wrought styll fast
 Hauynge therein delyte and pleasoure
 Tyll that the bell range at the last
 Whiche was a conuenient houre
 Than hunger came with his rygour
 Whiche cruelly dyde me assaile
 With that sawe I comet from a troure
 The capytayne called trauayle



Kende þe arte welcome vnto this place
 For thy labour true and dyligent
 Whiche hath brought the in to my grace
 Therfore shall I gyue þe ryches pmaneat
 So after that thy youthe is spent

I shall the promyse and behest
After thy labour in contynent
Thou shalt come to the hous of rest
Thou shalt haue rest at thy desyre
After thy payne and trybulacyon
Thou shalt syt merely by the fyre
After that thy worke is done
There shalt thou fynde consolacyon
After thy payne and thy trauayle
Thus shalt thou fynde in conclusyon
After pouerte ryche apparayle

And therfore at one worde shortla
Now do as thou thynkest best
For with good wyll the leue gyue I
For to go home vnto thy rest
And thy prayer and thy request
I trauayle shall vnto the promesse
So now thou shalt haue my behest
After labour that is rychelle

The auctour.

Than toke I leue of trauayle
Goyng to rest full of gladnesse
Than with hye voyce withouten faple
I called the porter named besynesse
Than to the gates I dyde me dresse
The whiche were shytted than had I doute
Yet shewed I the porter suche mekenesse
That he agreed to let me out

Esynesse and cure his wyfe



Let me out at the gate mekely
Alway me warnyng for drede of stryfe
On the mornynge to ryse erly
My labour forto synyshe partyly
Saynge all that I had done was nought

Cast. of la.

D. l.



Without it were ended lightly
 Wherfore theron set thy thought
 He sayd in the castell of rycheſſe
 No man can haue ony audyence
 While he ſoiourneth with ydelneſſe
 The capytayne hath gyuen that ſentence
 But by the waye of dyligence
 One may ryght well obteyne this place
 Here mayſt thou ſe in thy preſence
 By what hardneſſe thou fell in grace

In labour muſt thou haue perſeuerance
 Auoydyng grete reſt that is ſo daungerous
 Which byngeth wyle men in to ygnorance
 And to rycheſſe is ryght contraryous
 Auoyde ſlouth which is ſo odious
 That of hym cometh nought but pouerte
 Aboute all to falſhode be contraryous
 Deſpyſyng his goodes full of inqwyte
 If thou hym loue ſone I enſure the

Of my worde mayst thou be certayne
That thou offendest the dette
Of our lord and delerdest payne
Eternall therfore the refrayne
Fro this falshode in eche degre
And yf that slouth vpon the fayne
As pooze as Job was shalte thou be

Without rest no man may lyue
For it is accordeynge to trauayle
But in rychesse yf thou wolte proue
Best not to moche by my counsaile
Remember this lesson le thou not fayle
And to the entent thou forsake not this lawe
Not it forgettyng / for thyn auayle
By than care I shall the drawe

Cure.

My frende one can not aye endure
For to labour to his auantage
Therfore le thou thy selfe assure
To labour fast in thy yonge age
Inkyre thy mynde and thy courage
On reason and thou shalte haue rychesse
By ydelnesse thou doost outrage
Bothe to the and all thyn doutlesse

The auctour.

Than drew he myn ere agayne
As cure had done before doutlesse
And than banysshed away certayne
Leuyng me there full of faynnesse
Procedynge of my labour and besynesse
Thus seynge them gone I thought it best
To refreische the nature without excelle
And so drew me to the hous of rest

I sawe rest which ye dyde me abyde

Within his house withouten blame
 And my wyfe on the other syde
 Dressed my souper without dysfame
 Thererested I in goddes name
 Familyarly not as a straunger
 Thankynge god of immozall fame
 That I escaped was that daunger



Unro the table I wente that tyde
 Entendynge to soupe without outrage
 My wyfe sate on the other syde
 After my custome and olde vsage
 There had we brede wyne & potage
 And of fleshe a small pytaunce
 Without to ony hurte or damage
 We souped togyder at our pleasaunce
 My wyfe boyded the table cleene
 And vnto me approachde nere
 Than on my shulder dyde she lene
 After her custome and manere

There tolde I her of the daunget
Whiche I was in the nyght before
How that she slepte with mery chere
The whyle that I was troubled sore

I tolde her that in all my lyfe
I had not so grete pccerlyte
Now in pleasure and now in stryfe
Toumented spersly felte I me
For fals flede and flacclyte
With pouerte / a her felawe Dystresse
Thought and heuynes with cruelte
Laye on my bedde me to opresse

Dyscomforte and Dylesperaunce
Laye vpon me with theyr treason
Redy to bynne me to myschaunce
O in the waye of perdyceyon
That had not ben my lady reason
Whiche me enformed to myn auaueneage
They had brought me vnto confusyon
O done to me some grete outrage

Wysedome dyde gretly me profyte
For I haunted his companye
Whiche by his meanes made me quyte
Of falshode / dysceyte / and vsurpe
Whiche thre by theyr polceye
Had me nere brought to confusyon
But after agayne conforte had I
Of that wyse lady called reason

To whome I haue made homage
For she of her owne beneuolence
Hath gyuen me at bryfe langage
Good herte and wyll for my defence
Whiche haue a chylde ay in my presence
Lust for to do good named is he.

Redy to helpe me in al indygence

Dupayne and peruersyte

We wente vnto the castell of labour

Where was many an artyspicer

Cure stode at the gate that houre

Besynesse her husbonde was porter

They receyued me with good chere

Trauayle was theyr capytayne

His wyfes name was called payne

There wrought I shall daue a nyght certayne

With fre wyll and glad pleasaunce

To morowe must I retourne agayne

To this castell of fayre ordynaunce

There founde I but small pytaunce

But euery man after his degre

After his labour had his fe

And therfore my welbeloued wyfe

Consyder the payne and the trauayle

Whiche whyle ye slepte without stryfe

Byght cruelly byde me assaile

But now am I well without fayle

Syth I haue escaped this daungere

And in your presence may appete

My wyfe therof cared no thyng

But leughe me to derysion

She scoyned me and my talkyng

For were it wynnynge or perdycon

It was to her all one conclusyon

For so she were serued at her desyre

She cared not yf I laye in the nyte

She called me sole and cared nought

And was nere redy with me to fyghe

She sware by god that her dere bought

She wolde make me remembre that nyght

8. *Amesbury*

Amesbury